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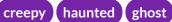




# The (S)Laughter of Children

















### **Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson**

The laughter of children is a joyful thing when it is in your house. It brightens up every room. It clears the air, it relieves your worries.

That is, unless you live alone.

### **Chapter 2 by Taylee Dunlap**



It sound like anything. The soft ringing of bells, or that loud, joyous laughter that children tend to have.

And yet, it still sends a chill down your spine.

# Chapter 3 by Melody Grace



The laughter of children may not always be a good thing.. as sometimes it haunts you...

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startled runs under the bed, only to become silent. the child you see with her bright smile and wide eyes is in the mirror that can see under your bed, what else can you do but smile back?

#### Chapter 5 by Samantha Davis



With a slight startle you feel hounded by the dogged laughter of children, so young and mischievous with intentions of innocence, or could it be more malevolent than we really think. When living alone or with someone who is definitely not a child, the sense alert you cause you to treat every shadow like a monster is lurking within.

Why does it fright you? It's only a child. A child with dead eyes and decaying flesh, the look of the dead. You would think it to be a cosplay but the stench if death tells you otherwise. Now you have to think and ask yourself, does everyone else have this feeling and hear these dead kids? Do they hear the chime of the laughter and shiver as your name is whispered from a hallway you just left.

Did you miss something? Or are you simply going nutters?

Whatever the case it will continue...

### **Chapter 6 by Eleana Aaron**



As the time goes by, you could feel chill on your spine. As if they right behind you. You can quickly look behind you, and saw nothing. It's just your mind playing tricks on you, right?

That's right. Even the laugh keeps on ringing in your eardrums.

### Chapter 7 by Requiem



The laughter continues to ring in your ears. You walk down the dark hallway, waiting, and watching. Then suddenly a haunting voice drifts down to your ears," Ring around the rosy, pockets full of posy, ashes, ashes, and we fall DOWN." Then it fades into laughter. You look in the mirror. But it is not you who looks back, it is a girl with bright eyes and a wide smile. But in an instant her beautiful face turns into something ghastly.

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bed you hear the singing and you walk into your little sisters room. She is talking to something, then she gives you a dreadful stare.

the end

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